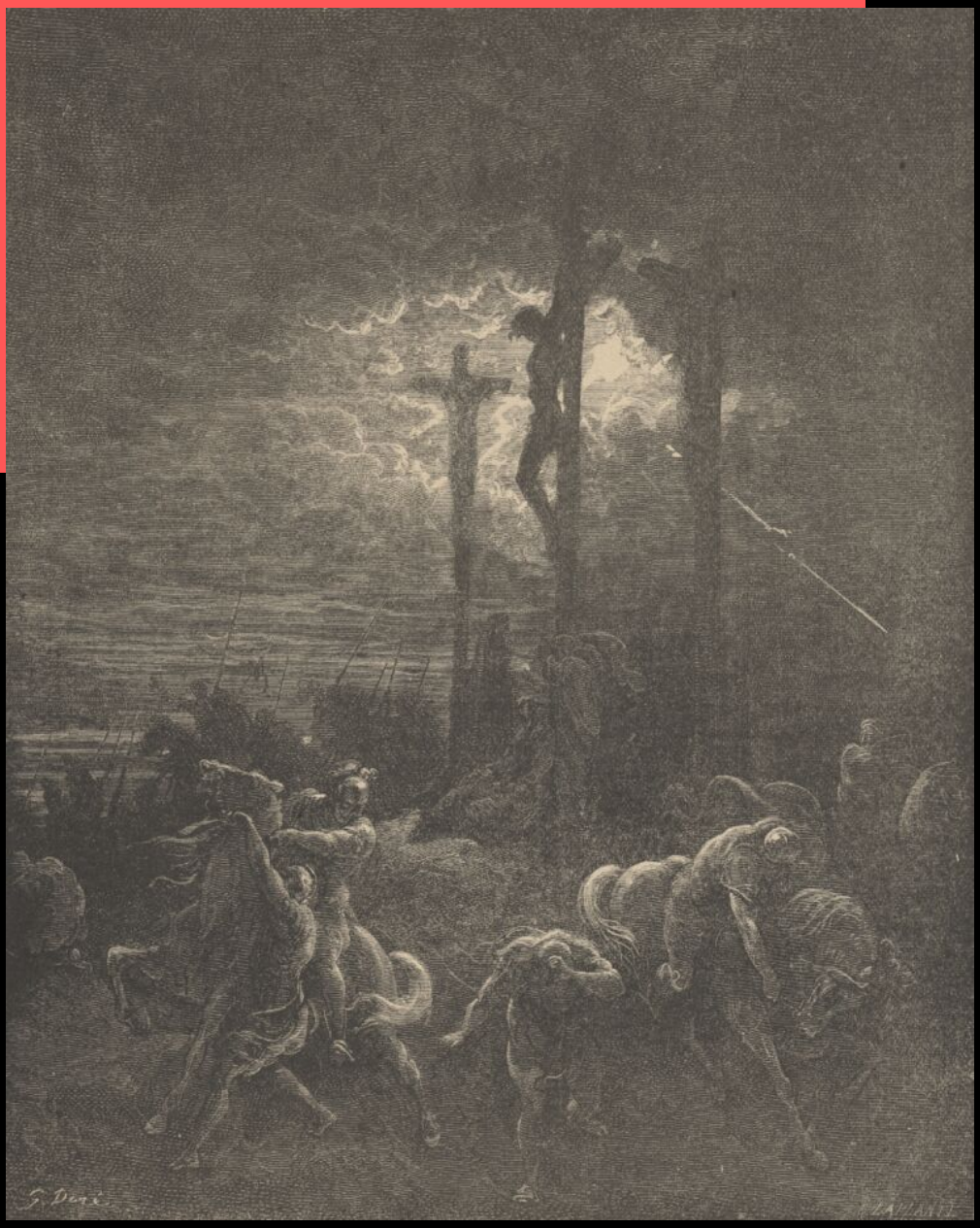
ἀβραξάς

saint breven



HAIL A THRONE

touch the earth, touch the earth
birds become a symposium of natural earth
dreamydreamydreamy
i bless the sun beyond reason
yet i like the night & all her sensualities
my will, my will, my will
leave me be, leave me by the side of deepest waters
i will suffer for my own sins & goals
i expose my skull so my ears can breathe a bit
mystical knowledges
reside within my body, venting & banging my bones and can't
get out right — now
spark the wind to create ineffable flames
what's for rejections? this is not me here.
he speaks into me and through me, here
the depths are deep
the sky is deep
flow is air. good air.
ima legend in every township.

BATTERY

riches are in the i.
possession of wealth is of the man, the meanings of Life.
knowledges are earned
the blood gives rapturous insights when you trigtriggerrr her.
material accumulation remains rudderless
without rich meaning nurtured within these things.
applause is pointless & a false star/ false start.
old women in old women cars giggle like witches upon my still art / body adornments.
leaves crinkle in the void & mistresses sing silent hymns for my underworld to win well.
unspeakable, blasphemous, unending powers lie in aligning the Will & Loving Her till The World we-in Explodes into Greater Chaotic Symbols.
great Magick lies in good destructions & ensuing great Art
Do Your Will. do ur will. d0 ür Will well.
θέλημα θέλημα θέλημα θέλημα
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NIGHTFALL

is anyone there?
is anyone there?
why are thou so silent & removed from yours' soul?
i's heart…
the moon only speaks tonight, in just solemn, simple,
suppressed shame & silence.
what is wrong? *what is wrong with me*?
why don't you applaud for me?
why don't you?
you all do the same neglect.
you all eye in your devout, wicked silences.
you have eyes & screen your love.
all i know is smoke.
here's a gun. here's *some fun*.
croak ; conjoin ; eat my tail.
find a whip ; i was kid
dingdong, wrong bell, and who could tell?
who should tell? a bad tale
a baffling wailing
a battle approaching
terrible battles : i'm croaking
i love you.
i love you.
i hate you.
i disgrace you.
i hate you. i h a t e u.
i made u ::: i made u
i hate u : i hate u :: i hate u :::::::::::://///
degrade u : degrade u : debase uuuuuuuuu:::::::::///
what do u kno? *what do u kno? what do you know? what? what?*
what?what?what?what ? what?wat?
222watwatiloveuiloveuiloveuiuvuiluvuilivu u i luv u.
i luv u.

i'm skipping
over
over
ovr
lower. lower. lwr. owner. i owe her. i Know HER.
GO
go

go
yes,
good,
lower. lower. lower. lower. low on her. lower. bones
sure.

this state is never everevereverever ending.
i luv u
i luv u
i luv u. i luv u. i luv u. i luv u.

i luv u. i luv u. i luv u. i luv u.

*i luv u. i luv u. i luv u.

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u. i luv u. i luv u. i luv

i my me who what how there you? what ya ya ya.

i am conscious of my subconscious
aspects and influences. . .

change vibration
change experience
change within
go without

SIRENS FOR GHOSTS

twinkling, brightened, spinning sounds of Will
riting all these variations of hopeful meanings

make money
mk mny

accumulate money unheard of
accmlt mny unhrd-f
acmltnyuhrdf

—
more power
mr pw
—
abrxs

THA WORLD

the world is based on agreements.
i have to follow my compass.
fire doesn’t die, ἀβραξάς.
love of will under what?
do thine will. dooo thine will.

solo; solo.

symbols chime.

relics clank.
energy is conscious & directed well.
i prey for my destruction *or* downfall.
i want water.

DRIZZLE

flashing lights & ghostly reparations
hermetic truths & good experiments
soaking waters & false promises
emptying agreements & half-sunny skies
deceptive texts & excellent riters
a little potion & unspeakable healing
needing open ears & lurking waters
looking back right now at this altar.

COLLISION

let the wills collide.
let great structure beget great chaoses.
the walls of old nostalgia - laugh at.
remember, transits & what is temporal and of flux.
speak to no one.
speak to no one. rarely.
breath well and crush thy lungs.
run your course. do it well. you know, right.
die in quiet. die'n vastly. in ecstasy (of the night).
know your place. know your path. what are limits?
peace like spring birds. focus on will.
depth in practice. collide with stars.

let no man impose on your course.
intentional distance. intense injection.
sway all interjections.
go find yourself.
go be with your selves.
align with your highest calling.
answer. invoke.
crop a strut to your liking.

keep going.

keep going.
cross cross u don’t need anyone.
flattery in vanity is a know-know. ¥

burn the heart
dark hues , dark hues or cloudy air .
what is my business?
x *x* xx
all *can* be omen.
ratty clothings, precise closings.
cherish what you have. will disguise.
tremble at fake freedom.
run with interest. rub with interest.
reach u. reach 4 no11.
you can’t escape.
you can’t escape this.

journey.

EVRY 1 of MY MARCHES r guud guides

creeping, crawling infused-by-shadowy ghosts…
time ticks in green, *evergreen*…
33° & sunny? birds exhale-in-release for some spring.
i wish for air. *i wish for Air.*
tides aren't tyrants for my AIR.
fires & piscean-molecules drive my **air**.
that's a cloud, sir.
that's good steam, sir.
train me. i am in training, or traffic,
stomping stairs, i go up, up & *and down.*

communions with souls.
take the cup, slurp the blood of your own.
take gods' offerings in lust, in strength.
why do i say? why do i stay?
luv. luv. luv.
luv my will for what she is.
bleeding, i go for war even harder.
they try to kill me softly but i die even harder.
what is for me outside these walls?

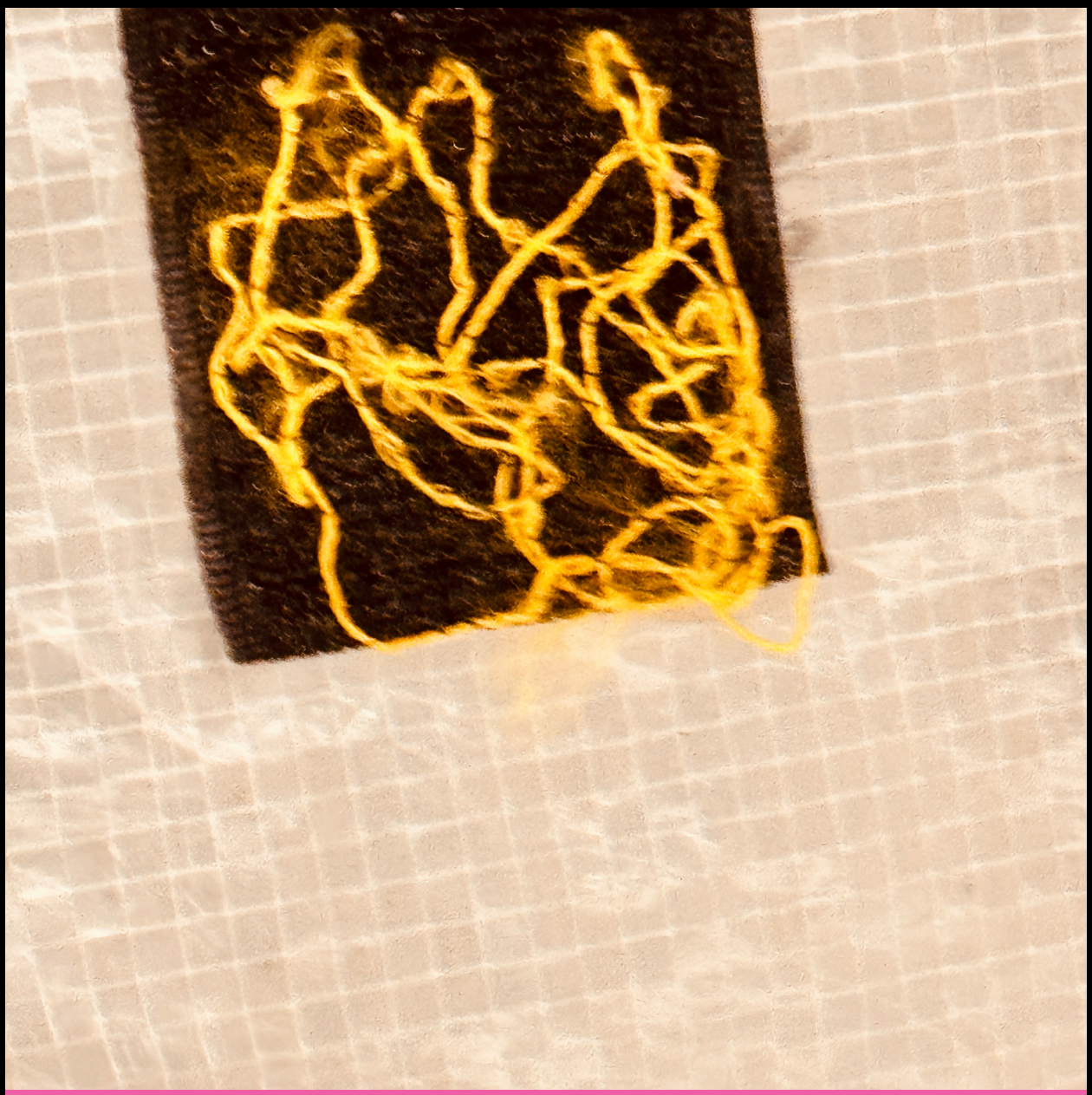
i'm shivering in the ice of **α(n)** Equinox.
who's closing the door? turn the knob slowly.

where’s your spirituality lie?

GOBLIN TYPE- SHHH

IM THA FORBIDDEN!
2019- i became a goblin.

i slay ALL YOU GHOSTS with meekness & WEAK spiritualities & Feeble souls among me and my reign.
cascading waves—



i find gods & godly ghosts among little things/ out in the open-things.
sigil, here?—

leave me alone — *& lurk & lurk & see & do. no. thing.*
i'll feeeed off you in vile—defiled & deranged.
i make waves, vicious, drowning ones.

warwarwarwar!!

hail is the bright mourning star!
whippings. bearings. or bearings
languid drudging
vapidVAPID EYES.
wicked innocences.
holy vows. holy silence. /. holy Space.

splash the people, these demons
with aaa. cursed holy waters from Bethlehem.
drive vindictive vampires in my creative veins.

who are you? **who art thou?**

the wind does circles. **i love u—**
piss u off good —**i love u—**
encircling, my energy's refreshing **i love u—**
encompassing, 'energy refreshed/ vivid;
i love u—

i love u—u k & **hate u — *good***
im genuine and don't hide from bad things
i love u—
a devout and decadent junkie for taboo
i love u—*instantly: isn't that*?
your vanities're cute. i gotta say: **i love u—**
i create my own meanings/
my own rules, hoe.
sparkling — i am my *own* god
who created you?

i love u—who hates you?

love is life, *& glorious death* **i love u—**

im blasted over great constellations
who’s foreign? who’s for-reign? mine
mine mine. mines.
the sunsetting sweetly
& *this* night will be rattling.

sleep with me 2nite.
rest.
die.

theta alpha kappa alum - *Naz Uni*
brevenbell

go die.

THINE CREATEONZ

the water is still & calm & sizzling; wanting
the truth is ice
with one lens
with infinites:

space is clear of anything
clear everything
create without the ignorant
cave never before what is ignorant
know yourself
you got eternity to find her out.

3hrs of magickal zzzing

i sit in the middle of these walls
and her crevices.
all my writing is rite. *a* rite.
fear not! i am not redundant.
the wind howls from a deep sea, a great opening…
more hints are *here* of my godship.
ἀβραξάς transform from our little chill-chitter-chatter
within my bloods
each writing-service is a magick-act — must i utter?
'we' spake thus—this.
we know thus—this.

lax

morning whatever goes? *or*, shall it go?
mourning dew splashing in an accompany on the Monday-street-roads
pre-sunrise is a calming-of-the-chaos-to-come?
i am 20 + 2—a solitary… man.
that's, too, 30 or/and 19—a Lion-Man// Scorpion-Eagle.
My tides (approaching) *this New*:, ***mine***-Full Moon are at 16

today's an Aries sentimental, time, *day*.
ἀβραξάς — fundamentally — is TWNTYTHR (23-)
Neptunes of 23s mock a dead Yeshua of Naz,
into my first tarot—*hanging*

there's much to study……..

silence, *silence* (3)

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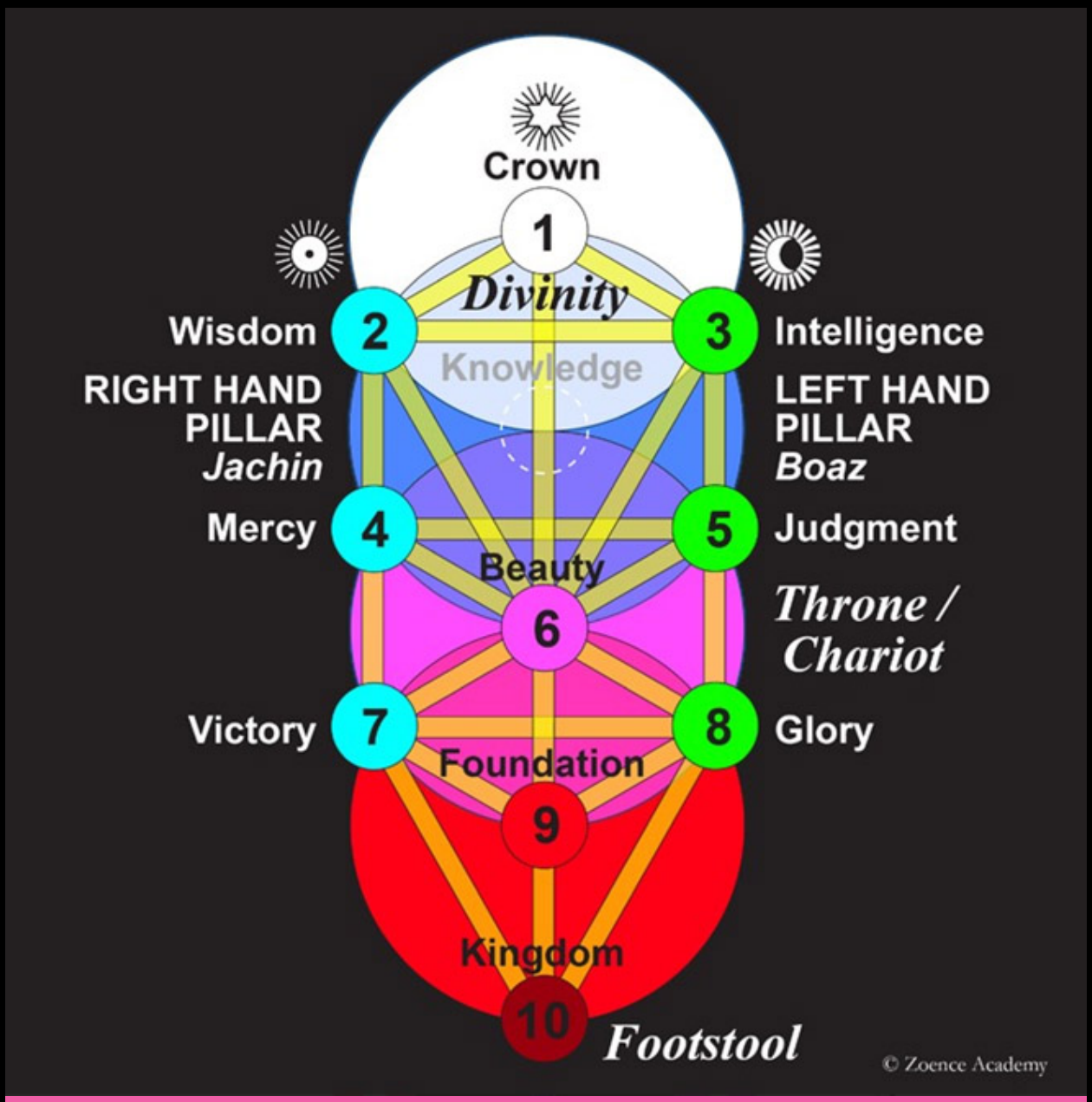

balance balance balance — actively!
illuminate moons. keep the sun in his thrown.
versatility…
elements & senses — air/smell; water/taste; fire/sight; earth/touch.
drawing "Debauch"
am i poisoning myself?

mournful dew

the mournful dew sits up
in the (k)night
and loves his good rest
but crowds or scores wait for his descent
upon clean-up, scents remind him of good times
good sense is a hindsight of things

rest is good, alone.
darkness is — too — good,, whilst alone.
white lites are not for the night
he prefers silver or (the colour of) steel

stealing *energy* is a bad crime
when it's given, *good.* when it's taken with suave,
good((2)). *feeling fo(U)R* it is great—too.

someone better b- watching.
someone btr b. watching.
we record, everything, rite?

ἀβραξάς — rid thy companion, *or-* this- *rambunctious Slave!*
of all falsehoods *against* my **anti**WiLL.
accursed all those who try to deceive me or us.
give them flames *and* the iciest of waters.
give them depravation & broken homes—
let them own them, *hard.*
our authority is divine; Inviolable.
no one has *our* soul. do we have souls?

we are on our path.
our wills're *there*, here, in this now & *forever.*
everything's a lie, until i make it true.
everything's a lie, my rhythms are undeniable. real.
piously-raw.
they don't know. they don't know. they don't know.

is this all i ever got?

is this all i ever got?
i know i'm gonna have a premature or never evolving relationship with someone if our music tastes don't jive too well…
grief can't be too trivial
i love some cereal
we all crazy; why luv, i mean- i mean *loath* serial — killas?
gun smoke, fire… who won ?, murder's magick…
wat is good
wat is good

drinking cereal, serially out of silverware…
music is the most spiritual concept, creation, and function in my life
i am very crazy stay very aware and *away*
thoughts are hallucinations
criticism is good? satire

i just spilled milk and i'm not crying
grief so trivial
being liked is banal, blah
being interesting and even seen as dangerous and untamed is this new kool
what's real and what's not?

what roads lead soundingly resoundingly to the most or best confusion?
if the universe is ordered and operates within laws, how could synchronicity just be just like coincidence; meant?
it's slowslow out here…
how long does Feeliiing last for…?
idc about any of — who?
where's the exit?where's the exit?where's the exit?

exit?where’s the exit?where’s the exit?where’s the exit?
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fear me, stay humble — i’m from the same struggles . .
.
energy needs light
energy needs light
energy needs to b.
energyyy needs to be.
energyy needs to be light
b. lite
b. lite
b. lite

why musik must matter…

musics must matter:
it's my internal landscape
it's my past; my deep-seated fears…
my expression *& actualization; acceleration*
my need.

DEPTH-SLUMBER

twinkling slowly mid-night, in night, past midnight…
throwing “what?” away
throwing “what’s this?”—away
what can i get? what can i get? what can i get
am i—my soul—only alone, here?
am i—only alone, here?
i try to appreciate *them* so much?
o, how i fill cups?
do i fill them with purities or toxicities?

crackling under a disguised moonlight

i'll create in an abode of my own…
music of many kinds is a good friend…
i'm alone
be aware: i'll be alone.

her breathing waned…
my rebellion started,
rolling, *rolling* down an eternally red and dark stream
to never-agains.

mon0htones

the air from earth-floor to near-space is dim
i can’t comprehend all the mirrors around me
the music is my second, only, *imagined* — friend.
i’m content with this.
i’m okay with this.

SPRINKLE ME

i live in scattered spiritualities
i rest in disorganization
puzzle pieces, on the floor, idk how to write
the sun splits my eyelids

arising:
    i find my *only* clairities w/ abraxas.
i clench with any of too much approval.

i'm tattered (or torn too) from all the trauma
it's all on me. it's all *for* me.

LUKEWARMTH

my darkest moments’re in minutes
my most moist moments are in hours
my meaning—in unseen depths

ARCHAIC CALLING

alight graveyards in a backyard of mine
glimmers of dark; shadows of crème
follow my eyes, rising, bornless,
a trance
a trace of this *as* supernatural.
what are *my* consequences?

i’m the quintessential lone-kat

once you get / gettin’— get to the bottom…
. . .get to *your* core …
what is *anything*?
the end needs to be reached to be lost.
how does one get the bottom of things, generally?
— *exactly*.

VAST ABYSSES

prolific, punching, pouncing, pulsating—
riting aggressive black hues & grey melodies
aligning, ordering alliances with deepened chaos.

the bleak-bleakest descents
reveal the haughtiest of revelations.

DEFILE // DEVIL

i was made to destroy.
shootings—shootings
i was made to be badd.
the wind is wicked.
luckily, i do what i do.
i do what i do.
starve me.
u can’t save me.
slack off for me.
whip
whip
whip
1359
i fell. next is mr. mr.
i’ll tarnish all that you think you know.

the ordered is not chronological anymore. spirits played with ʂt. ƀ's attention for another intention beyond perception.
the work is smooth, dexterous, deep, philosophical, and worth its soon-aging.
hold this tight. get it in paper, physical, it'll vibrate; bound it wells.
ding, ding.

— ʂt. ƀr·eʊ·eɳ bells.

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saintbreven.com